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Five PASTORAL ECLOGUES:

The SCENES of which are

Suppos'd to lie among the SHEPHERDS, oppreſs'd by the WAR in *Germany*.

Impius hæc tam culta novalia Miles habebit?
Barbaras has ſegetes? En quo diſcordia cives
Perduxit miſeros! en quæis conſeximus agros!

VIRGIL.

LONDON:
Printed for R. DODSLEY at *Tully's* Head in *Pall-mall*.

M.DCC.XLV.

[Price One Shilling.]

FIVE PASTORAL

ECLOGUES:

The SCENES of which are

Supposed to lie among the SUPERBERDS,

oppressed by the TYRANT in Germany.

Lenius hæc tamen cuncta novella Mitis habebit?
Barbarus his ferus ergo? Ea quis oblivia vivus
Perdiderit miser! an puris obliscitur ego?

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PREFACE.

IT is generally thought, that as Paſtorals are a kind of poetry, which has been touch'd upon by ſuch a number of poets, that they are eaſily compos'd, and that their thoughts and ſentiments muſt be trite and vulgar. However this opinion may be true in reaſon, I hope the following pieces will be exempt from it's cenſure, as they are form'd on a plan entirely new, and as their deſign is eſſentially diſtinguiſh'd from any productions of their kind, either ancient or modern: unleſs it be that the firſt and ninth Bucolic of Virgil are in the ſame nature. How the ideas of fields and woods, and a poetry whoſe very eſſence is a rural life, will agree with the polite taſte of the town, and of gentlemen who are more converſant in the faſhionable ornaments of life, is a queſtion: but I hope as they relate to that war, which is at preſent the moſt general topic of converſation, this unpoliteneſs will in ſome meaſure be excuſed.

The

The learned reader will obſerve, that the author has endeavour'd to imitate the ſimplicity of the ancients in theſe pieces, as thinking it not only more particularly adapted to Paſtoral, but the true ornament of all kinds of poetry in general. As to the deſign of this work, I hope it will not be thought odd, or ill-choſen. The oppoſing intereſts of a peaceful and rural life, and the tumultuous ſcenes of war, together with the various ſtruggles and paſſions ariſing from thence, ſeem by no means an improper field for the moſt elegant writer to exerciſe his genius in. How far the author of theſe pieces has ſucceeded in the performance of this, is humbly ſubmitted to the cenſure and judgment of the public.

ECLOGUE

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

LYCAS and *ALPHON.*

ALPH. ARISE, my Lycas: in yon' woody wilds
From a rough rock in deep encloſure hid
Of thickeſt oaks, a guſhing fountain falls,
And pours it's airy ſtream with torrent pure:
Which late returning from the field at eve
I found, invited by it's daſhing ſound,
As thro' the gloom it ſtruck my paſſing ear.
Thither I mean to drive our languid flocks;
Fit place to cool their thirſt in mid-day hour.
Due weſt it riſes from that blaſted beech;
The way but ſhort: come, Lycas, rouze thy dog;
Let us be gone.

LYC. Alas, my friend, of flock,
Of ſpring, or ſhepherd's lore, to me is vain
To tell: my fav'rite lamb, the ſolace dear
Of theſe grey locks, my ſweet and ſole delight,

Is ſnatch'd by cruel fate! an armed band
On neighing ſteeds elate, in wide array
Trampled the youngling, as the vale along
At eve they paſs'd, beneath their whelming march.

ALPH. Such throng I heard, as in the neighb'ring wood
I wander'd to reduce a ſtraggling ewe
Eſcap'd the fold: what time the grieſly owl
Her ſhrieks began, and at the wonted elm
The cows awaiting ſtood Lucilla's hand.
When ſtrait with ſudden fear alarm'd I ſtart,
And liſt'ning to the diſtant-echoing ſteps
Of unſeen horſemen with attentive ear,
I ſtand aloof. But why this deep-felt grief?
Merits ſuch loſs theſe tears and black deſpair?

LYC. Alphon, no more to Lycas now remains,
Since he my laſt and lateſt care is loſt!
Thou know'ſt my little flock; three tender ewes
Were all my mean ambition wiſh'd or ſought.
Ev'n now nine days, and nine revolving nights
Are paſt, ſince theſe the Moldaw's raging flood
Swept with their wattled cotes, as o'er it's banks

It roſe redundant, ſwoln with beating rains,
And deep immers'd beneath it's whirling wave.
I wak'd at early dawn, and to the field
I iſſus'd to purſue my wonted toil,
When lo! nor flocks, nor wattled cotes I ſaw;
But all that met my wond'ring eyes around,
Was deſolation ſad. Here ſtateliest oaks
Torn from their roots, with broken branches lay
In hideous ruin: there the fields, that laugh'd
With rip'ning corn, of all their charms deſpoil'd,
With oozy fragments ſcatter'd waſte and wild
Were ſeen. I curſt the wicked ſpirit dear,
That in the ruin'd abbey's darkeſt cell,
(That ſtands immur'd amid yon' lonſome pines)
I bound with triple chains: his magic pow'r
Oft'times with howling ſtorms, and thunder loud
Deforms the night, and blackens nature's face.
His tempeſts ſwell'd the Moldawis riſing ſtreams,
And thus o'erwhelm'd my flock.—But this my heart
Had learn'd to bear, at length to comfort's voice
It had obey'd, and all it's woes forgot.

When

When ah! too ſoon returning woes invade
My breaſt, juſt riſing from its former ſtroke.
When this, the ſole ſurvivor, of my flock,
Follows his loſt companions; while a wretch
I here remain, deſerted and forlorn!
He too had dy'd beneath the whelming ſurge,
Had not the ſhelter of my low-rooft cott
That fatal night preſerv'd him; where at eve
I hap'ly plac'd him with providing care,
Leſt the fell ſtorm, which yet from ſouthern clouds
Threaten'd deſtruction, and to low'r began,
Might violate his tender-blooming age.

ALPH. With piteous eye, and ſympathizing heart,
Thy tears I view.—Theſe ſcenes of war and blood,
The calm repoſe of every field invade!
Myſelf had fall'n a victim to their rage,
As in deep dead of night my cave beneath
I lay diſſolv'd in ſleep, with warning voice
Had not my dog alarm'd with wond'ring ear.
When ſtrait approach'd the cave a ſavage throng
With barb'rous arms, and habit fierce and wild,

With

With ſtern demeanour and defying look
Terrify; which the moon's pale-glimm'ring rays
Preſented to my ſight, as in the boughs,
Cloſe ſhrouded, of a neighb'ring pine I ſat
(Where ſudden fear had driv'n me to evade
Impending fate, unconſcious and amaz'd)
Secure, but trembling, and in chilly damps
My limbs bedew'd.---The monſters as they paſt,
With dire confuſion all the cavern fill'd;
Hurl'd to the ground my ſcrip, and beechen cup,
Diſpers'd the ſhaggy ſkins that form my bed,
And o'er the trampled floor had ſcatter'd wide
A hoard of choiceſt cheſnuts, which I cull'd
With nice-diſcerning care, and had deſign'd
A preſent to my beauteous ROSALINDE.
Alas! with them her love had been obtain'd,
And me to MYRON ſhe had then preferr'd!

LYC. Shepherd, on thee has fortune kindly ſmil'd;
'Tis mine to feel her grief-inflicting hand!
Alas! each object that I view around
Recalls my periſh'd darling to my ſight,

And mocks me with his loſs! ſee there the ſpring
Where oft he wont to ſlake his eager thirſt!
And there the beech, beneath whoſe breezy ſhade
He lov'd to lie, cloſe covert from the ſun!
See yet the bark ſmooth-worn and bare remains,
Where oft the youngling rubb'd his tender ſide!
Ah! what avail'd my care, and foreſight vain?
That day he fell oppreſs'd by whelming ſteeds.
This hand had built a bow'r of thickeſt boughs
Compos'd, and wove with intermingling leaves,
Impervious to the ſun; and ſtrew'd the floor
With choiceſt hay, that in the ſecret ſhade
He might repoſe, nor feel the dog-ſtar's beam!
But why this ſad, repeated track of woe
I ſtill purſue? Farewel, my ALPHON dear,
To diſtant fields, and paſtures will I go,
Where impious war, and diſcord, nurſe of blood,
Shall ne'er profane the ſilence of the groves.

ECLOGUE the SECOND.

ACIS and *ALCYON.*

ACIS. WHILE in the boſom of this deep receſs
The voice of war has loſt its madding ſhouts,
Let us improve the tranſient hour of peace,
And calm our troubled minds with mutual ſongs;
While this receſs conſpiring with the muſe
Invites to peaceful thoughts; this cavern deep,
And theſe tall pines that nodding from the rock
Wave o'er its mouth their umbrage black, and caſt
A venerable gloom, with this clear fount
That cleaves the riven ſtone and fills the cave
With hollow-tinkling ſounds. Repeat the ſong
Which late, ALCYON, from thy mouth I heard,
As to the ſpring we drove our thirſting flocks;
It tells the charms of grateful evening mild:
Begin, ALCYON: ACIS in return
Shall ſing the praiſes of the dawning morn.

ALCY. Behind the hills when ſinks the weſtern ſun,
And falling dews breath fragrance thro' the air,
Refreſhing every field with coolneſs mild;
Then let me walk the twilight meadows green,
Or breezy up-lands, near thick-branching elms,
While the ſtill landſchape ſooths my ſoul to reſt;
And every care ſubſides to calmeſt peace:
The miſts ſlow-riſing from the rivers dank,
The woods ſcarce ſtirring at the whiſp'ring wind,
The ſtreaky clouds, that tinge their darken'd tops
With ruſſet hues, and fainter gleams of light,
The ſolitude that all around becalms
The peaceful air, conſpire to wrap my ſoul
In muſings mild, and nought the ſolemn ſcene
And the ſtill ſilence breaks; but diſtant ſounds
Of bleating flocks, that to their deſtin'd fold
The ſhepherd drives; mean-time the ſhrill-tun'd bell
Of ſome lone ewe that wander's from the reſt,
Tinkles far-off, with ſolitary ſound;
The lowing cows that wait the milker's hand,
The cottage-maſtiff's bark, the joyous ſhouts
Of ſwains that meet to wreſtle on the green,

Are

Are heard around. But ah! ſince ruthleſs war
Has ravag'd in theſe fields, ſo tranquil once,
Too oft' alas the din of claſhing arms
And diſcord fell diſturbs the ſofter ſcene!
Thy ſweet approach delights the wearied ox,
While in looſe traces from the furrow'd field
He comes; thy dawn the weary reaper loves,
Who long had fainted in the mid-day ſun,
Pleas'd with the cooler hour, along the vale
Whiſtling he home returns to kiſs his babes,
With joyful heart, his labour's ſweet reward!
But ah! what ſudden fears amaze his ſoul
When near approaching, all before he ſees
His lowly cottage and the village 'round
Swept into ruin by the hand of war,
Diſpers'd his children, and his much-lov'd wife,
No more to glad his breaſt with home felt-joys!
I too, when in my watled cotes are laid
My ſupping flock, rejoice to meet my dear,
My fair LAURETTA, at the wonted oak;
Or haply as her milking-pail ſhe bears
Returning from the field, to eaſe her arm,

(Sweet

(Sweet office!) and impart my aiding hand!
Thy charms (O beauteous Evening!) ſhall be ſung,
As long as theſe tall pines ſhall wave their heads,
Or this clear fountain cleave the riven ſtone!

ACIS. Sweet are the dews of Eve; her fragrance ſweet;
Sweet are the pine-topt hills at ſultry noon;
Sweet is the ſhelter of the friendly grott
To ſheep, and ſhepherd, at impending ſtorms;
But ah! leſs ſweet the fragrant dews of eve;
Leſs ſweet the pine-topt hills at ſultry noon;
Leſs ſweet the ſhelter of the friendly grott,
Than when the riſing ſun with roſy beam
Peeps o'er the village-top, and o'er the fields,
The woods, the hills, the ſtreams, and level meads,
Scatters bright ſplendors and diffuſive joy!
As to his flock the ſhepherd iſſues forth,
Printing new footſteps in the dewy vale,
Each object of the joyous ſcene around
Vernal delight inſpires, and glads his heart
Unknowing of the cauſe, with new-felt glee!
The chaunt of early birds on every buſh,
The ſteaming odours of the freſh-blown flow'rs ——

ALC.

ALC. Ceaſe, ACIS, ceaſe thy ſong:----from yonder hill,
Whoſe lofty ſides incloſe this ſecret ſeat,
Our flocks, that graze along its verd'rous brow,
Tumultuous ruſh, as ſtruck with ſudden fright:
And hark, methinks I hear the deathful ſounds
Of war approaching, and its thunders roar!
ACIS. Kind heav'n preſerve my wife and children dear,
Alas! I fear the ſound, that louder now
Swells in the wind, and comes with fuller din,
Is near my cottage; which, thou know'ſt, my friend,
Stands at the ſpring, that iſſues from beneath
That riſing hill, faſt by the branching elm!
ALC. See, ſee, my friend, what darkſome ſpires ariſe
Of wreathing ſmoak, and blacken all the ſky!—
Nearer and nearer comes the threat'ning voice,
And more diſtinguiſh'd ſtrikes our trembling ear!
But lo! the foes advance above the hill;
I ſee their glitt'ring arms begin to gleam!
Come, let us flie, and in the deepeſt nook,
The inmoſt cavern of this winding grott,
Cloſe-ſhroud ourſelves, leſt in the gen'ral ſtream
Of thouſands thronging down, we fall oppreſt.

ECLOGUE the THIRD.

WHEN sable midnight on the fields and woods
Had spread her mantle dark, then wander'd forth
The pensive ALCON, and the bosom deep
Of a wild wood with solitary steps,
There to lament his wretched fate, he sought.
Him, late as o'er the vale at coming eve
Joyful he walk'd with his LUCILLA dear,
A soldier stern-advancing on his steed,
Robb'd of his love, and tore the beauteous maid
With brutal hand from his contending arms,
Weeping in vain, and shrieking for his aid,
And frowning bore the precious prize away.
The wood, whose shades the plaintive shepherd sought,
Was dark and pathless, and by neighb'ring feet
Long time untrod: for there in ancient days
Two knights of bold empriſe, and high renown,
Met in fierce combat, to dispute the prize
Of beauty bright, whose valiant arm shou'd win

A virgin

A virgin fair, whose far-emblazon'd charms
With equal love had fmote their rival breasts.
The knight who fell beneath the victor's sword,
Unhears'd and restless, from that fatal day
Wanders the hated shades, a spectre pale;
And each revolving night, are heard to sound
Far from the inmost bow'r of the deep wood,
Loud shrieks, and hollow groans, and rattling chains.
When the dark secrets of the grove he gain'd,
Beneath an ancient oak his weary limbs
He laid adown, and thus to plain began.

This midnight deep to plaintive love accords;
This lonesome silence, and these hideous shades,
That in this darksome hour I dare to tread,
And all the horrors of this fearful place,
Will suit a wretch abandon'd to despair!——
But hah!——what means this sudden fear, that creeps
In chilly sweats o'er all my trembling limbs?—
What hollow-whisp'ring sounds are those I hear,
From yonder glade?——do not I hear his voice?
Does not the knight, that in these shades was slain,
Call me to come, and beckon with his hand?

Do not I ſee his viſionary ſword
Wav'd in bright circles thro' the murky air?—
Does not he point his wounds?—be ſtill, my fears:
'Tis vain illuſion all, and phantaſie.
Theſe fears my love-diſtemper'd brain ſuggeſts;
Alas, they will not bring me back my love!—
Who now, perhaps, amid the thronged camp
On earth's cold breaſt reclines her weary head,
A helpleſs virgin, ſubject to the will
Of each rude raviſher, and diſtant far
From her dear ALCON, and her native fields—
Ill will the hardſhips of inclement ſkies
Suit with her tender limbs; the various toils
Of painful marches; her unwonted ears,
How bear the trumpet, and the ſounds of war?
This taſk is hard indeed— but ſoon, alas!
At will her ſavage lord may caſt her off,
And leave her to ſucceeding ſcenes of woe!
I ſee my dear LUCILLA, once my own,
Naked and hungry, tread the penſive ſteps
Of deſolation, doom'd to wander o'er,
Helpleſs and vagabond, the friendleſs earth!

I hear

I hear her ſigh for ALCON and her home;
And aſk for bread at ſome proud palace gate
With unavailing voice! This toilſome ſcene,
Alas, how diff'rent from the ſmoother paths
Of rural life, my dear was wont to tread!
Forth to the field to bear the milking-pail
Was all her wont; to tread the tedded graſs,
To tend her father's flock; beneath the oak
To ſnatch her dinner ſweet, and on the green
With the companions of her age to ſport!
In vain I now expect the coming on
Of dew-bath'd eve, to meet my wonted love;
No more I hear the wood-girt vallies ring
With her blythe voice, that oft has bleſt mine ear,
As in the diſtant ſhade I ſate unſeen;
No more I meet her at the wonted ſpring,
Where each revolving noon ſhe daily went
To fill her pitcher with the cryſtal flood——
If in her native fields the hand of death
Had ſnatch'd her from my arms, I cou'd have born
The fatal ſhock with leſs-repining heart;
For then I could have had one parting kiſs;

I cou'd have ſtrewn her hearſe with fairest flow'rs,
And paid the laſt ſad office to my dear!—
Return, my ſweet LUCILLA, to my arms;
At thy return, all nature will rejoice.
Together will we walk the verdant vales,
And mingle ſweet diſcourſe with kiſſes ſweet.
Come, I will climb for thee the knotted oak,
To rob the ſtock-dove of his feathery young;
I'll ſhew thee where the ſofteſt cowſlips ſpring,
And cluſt'ring nuts their laden branches bend;
Together will we taſte the dews of morn;
Together ſeek the grotts at ſultry noon;
Together from the field at eve return—
What have I ſaid? what painted ſcenes of bliſs
My vain imagination has diſplay'd!
Alas, ſhe's gone, ah, never to return!
Farewell, my paſt'ral pipe, and my dear flock;
Farewell my faithful dog; my once-lov'd haunts
Farewell, ye cave, or fountain, or freſh ſhade,
Farewell; and thou, my low-rooft cott, farewell!—
Here will I lie, and ſelfleſt wolves, that roam
This ſavage foreſt, ſhall devour my limbs,
Unwept, unburied, in a place unknown!

ECLOGUE the FOURTH.

MYCON and *PHILANTHES.*

MYC. WELCOME, Philanthes, to thy native fields;
Thrice three revolving moons are gone and paſt,
Since firſt you parted from your father's cott,
To drive to paſtures far remote your flock.
Since that, alas, how oft has ſavage war
Diſturb'd our dwellings, and defac'd our fields!
PHIL. MYCON, each object that I view around,
Speaks ruin and deſtruction. See, my friend,
The ancient wood, whoſe venerable ſhades
So oft have ſhelter'd us from noon-day ſuns;
So oft have echo'd to the lowing herds
That fed wide-wandering in the neighb'ring vales,
The ſoldier's ax has levell'd with the ground,
And to the ſun expos'd its darkſome bow'rs:
The diſtant villages, and blue-topt hills,
The far-ſtretch'd meads appear, and meet mine eyes,
That erſt were intercepted by the grove.

MYC.

MYC. How is the wonted face of all things chang'd!
Thoſe trees, by whoſe aſpiring tops we knew
The ſun's aſcent at noon, unerring mark,
No more are ſeen to tell the coming hour.
How naked does the winding rill appear,
Whoſe banks its pendant umbrage deep-imbrown'd,
And far-inveſted with its arborous roof,
As by its ſide it roll'd its ſecret ſtreams;
How oft, alas! thoſe ſhadowy banks along
(Cloſe ſolitude!) my ROSALIND and I
Have walk'd in converſe ſweet, and link'd in love!
But tell me, dear PHILANTHES, are the fields,
Which late you left, like ours by war oppreſt,
Alike in tumult and confuſion wrapt?
PHI. MYCON, I'll tell thee wonders paſt belief.
It hap'd one morn, when firſt the dawning ſun
Began to chear the light-enliven'd earth,
Caught with ſo bright a ſcene, I ſought the fields
Before my wonted hour, and roving wide
Among the vales, the villages and woods,
Where'er my fancy led, or pleaſure call'd,
I chanc'd upon a neighb'ring hill to ſtray,

To

To view the glitt'ring proſpect from its top
Of the broad Rhine, that roll'd his waves beneath,
Amid the level of extended meads;
When † lo! e'er yet I gain'd its lofty brow,
The ſound of daſhing floods, and daſhing arms,
And neighing ſteeds, confuſive ſtruck mine ear.
Studious to know what tumult was at hand,
With ſtep adven'trous I advanc'd, and gain'd
With tim'rous care and cautious ken its top.
Sudden a burſt of brightneſs ſmote my ſight,
From arms, and all th' imblazonrie of war
Reflected far, while ſteeds, and men, and arms
Seem'd floating wide, and ſtretch'd in vaſt array
O'er the broad boſom of the big-ſwoln flood,
That daſhing roll'd its beamy waves between.
The banks promiſcuous ſwarm'd with thronging troops,
Theſe on the flood embarking, thoſe appear'd
Crowding the adverſe ſhore, already paſt.
All was confuſion, all tumultuous din.
I trembled as I look'd, tho' far above,

† It may be ſuppos'd that in theſe lines the ſhepherd is giving an account of Prince CHARLES's paſſing the Rhine.

And

And in one blaze their arms were blended bright
With the broad ſtream, while all the glitt'ring ſcene
The morn illum'd, and in one ſplendor clad.
Struck at the ſight, I left with headlong haſte
The ſteep-brow'd hill, and o'er th' extended vales,
The wood-girt lawns I ran, nor ſlack'd my pace,
Till at my flock thick-panting I arriv'd,
And drove far off, beneath a deep-arch'd cave.
But come, my friend, inform me in return,
Since this my abſence what has here fell out.

Myc. Doſt thou remember at the river's ſide
That ſolitary convent, all behind
Hid by the covert of a mantling wood? ...
One night, when all was wrapt in darkneſs deep,
An armed troop on rage and raping bent,
Pour'd o'er the fields and ravag'd all they met;
Nor did that ſacred pile eſcape their arms,
Whoſe walls the murderous band to ruin ſwept,
And fill'd its caverns deep with armed throngs
Greedy of ſpoil, and ſnatch'd their treaſures old
From their dark ſeats: the ſhrieking ſiſters fled
Diſpers'd and naked thro' the fields and woods,

While ſable night conceal'd their wand'ring ſteps.
Part in my moſs-grown cottage ſhelter ſought,
Which haply ſcap'd their rage, in ſecret glade
Immerſed deep.——I roſe at early morn,
With fearful heart to view the ruin'd dome,
Where all was deſolation, all appear'd
The ſeat of horror, and devouring war.
The deep receſſes, and the gloomy nooks,
The vaulted iſles, and ſhrines of imag'd ſaints,
The caverns worn by holy knees appear'd,
And to the ſun were op'd.——In muſing thought
I ſaid, as on the pile I bent my brow——
" This ſeat to future ages will appear,
" Like that which ſtands faſt by the piny rock;
" Theſe ſilent walls with ivy ſhall be hung,
" And diſtant times ſhall view the ſacred pile,
" Unknowing how it fell, with pious awe!
" The pilgrim here ſhall viſit, and the ſwain
" Returning from the field at twilight grey,
" Shall ſhun to paſs this way, ſubdued by fear,
" And ſlant his courſe acroſs the adverſe vale!"

PHI. Mycon, thou seest that cow, which stands in cool
Amid yon rushy lake, beneath the shade
Of willow green, and ruminates at ease,
The watry herbage that around her floats.
That way my business leads. I go to greet
My father, and my wonted cottage dear.
MYC. Come, let us go: my path is that way too.
Come, my PHILANTHES, and may piteous heav'n
Indulge more happy days, and calm our griefs!
Alas! I thought some trouble was at hand,
And long before presag'd the coming storm,
Ev'n when the light'ning one disastrous night
Blasted the hoary oak, whose ample boughs
Imbow'r my cottage; and as on the grass
At noon I slept, a serpent's sudden hiss
Broke my sweet rest!—But come, let us be gone,
The sun begins to welk in ruddy west.

ECLOGUE the FIFTH.

CORIN and *CALISTAN.*

COR. WHICH way, CALISTAN, whither doſt thou lead
That lamb, whom yet his mother ſcarce has [wean'd?

CAL. His mother, CORIN, as ſhe wand'ring fed,
With this tender youngling by her ſide,
Fell by a ſhot which from the battle came,
That in the neighb'ring fields ſo lately rag'd.

COR. Alas! what woes that fatal day involv'd
Our ſuff'ring village, and the fields around!
But come, CALISTAN, on this riſing bank
Come, let us ſit, and on the danger paſt
Converſe ſecure, and number all our griefs.
See how the flaunting woodbine ſhades the bank,
And weaves a mantling canopy above!

CAL. CORIN, that day I chanc'd at earlier hour
To riſe, and drove far off my flock unpent;
To waſh them in a ſpring that late I mark'd.

There the firſt motions of the deathful day
I heard, as liſtening to the trickling wave
I ſtood attentive: when like riſing ſtorms,
Hoarſe, hollow murmurs from afar I heard,
And undiſtinguiſh'd ſounds of diſtant din.
Alarm'd I ſtood, unknowing whence it came;
And from the fount my flock unwaſh'd I drove
Suſpecting danger: when as nearer yet,
I came advancing, all was tumult loud,
All was tempeſtuous din on ev'ry ſide,
And all around the roar of war was up,
From rock to rock retoſt, from wood to wood.
Not half ſo loud the tumbling cataract
Is heard to roar, that from the pine-clad cliff
Præcipitates its waves; whoſe diſtant ſounds
I oft have liſten'd, as at twilight grey
I pent my flocks within their watled cotes.

COR. For three revolving days, nor voice of bird
Melodious chaunting, or the bleat of ſheep,
Or lowing oxen, near the fatal place
Were heard to ſound; but all was ſilence ſad!

The ancient grove of elms deſerted ſtood,
Where long had dwelt an aged race of rooks,
That with their neſts had crowded every branch.
We oft' have heard them at the duſk of eve
In troops returning to their well-known home,
In mingled clamors ſounding from on high!

CAL. CORIN, thou know'ſt the fir-inveſted cave,
Where late we ſhelter'd from a gath'ring ſtorm,
Our flocks together driv'n: beneath its ſhade
I had appointed at ſweet even-tide
To meet my DELIA homeward as ſhe paſs'd,
Bearing her milking-pail! Alas! the thoughts
Of that ſweet congreſs, the preceding night
Soften'd my dreams, and all my ſenſes lull'd,
And with more joyful heart at morn I roſe.
But ah! that tumult cropt my blooming hopes,
And in confuſion wrapt my love and me.

COR. That day, nor in the fold my flock I pent,
Or walk'd at eve the vales, or on the turf
Beneath the wonted oak my dinner took,
Or ſlept at noon amid my languid ſheep,

Repos'd

Repos'd at eaſe on the green meadow's bed.
When ſable night came on, for not ev'n yet
The tumult had ſubſided into peace,
Ev'n then low ſounds, and interrupted burſts
Of war we heard, and cries of dying men,
And a confus'd hum of the ceaſing ſtorm.
All night cloſe-ſhrouded in a foreſt thick,
Wakeful I ſate, my flock around me laid;
And of neglected boughs I kindled up
A ſcanty flame, whoſe darkly-gleaming blaze
Among th' enlighten'd trees form'd hideous ſhapes,
And ſpectres pale, to my diſtemper'd mind.
How oft I look'd behind with cautious fear,
And trembled at each motion of the wind!—
But where did you, CALISTAN, ſhelter ſeek?
What dark retreat conceal'd your wand'ring ſteps?

CAL. CORIN, thou know'ſt the fur-clad hermit's cell,
Deep-arch'd beneath a rock among the wilds.
Thither I bent my flight, a welcome gueſt,
And not unknown; for when my flock I fed
Of late beneath the neighb'ring paſtures green,

I oft was wont, invited at his call,
At noon beneath his cavern to retire
From the ſun's heat, where all the paſſing hours
The good old-man improv'd with converſe high,
And in my breaſt enkindled virtue's love;
Nor ſeldom would his hoſpitable hand
Afford a ſhort repaſt of berries cool,
Which o'er the wilds (his ſcanty food) he pluck'd:
Here was my refuge.----All the live-long night
Penſive by one, pale, loneſome lamp we ſate,
And liſten'd to the bleak winds whiſtling loud,
And the ſhrill craſh of foreſts from without.
Soon as the morning dawn'd, the craggy height
Of the ſteep rock I climb'd, on whoſe wild top
His ruſtic temple ſtood, and moſs-grown croſs
(The ſacred object of his pious pray'rs)
Form'd of a tall fir's thunder-blaſted trunk:
Where all beneath th' expanſive plains I ſaw
With white pavilions hid, in deep array.
There too my little fold, which late I left
Standing at eve, amid the warlike ſcene

With

With tearful eyes affrighted, I beheld.
Alas, how chang'd the ſcene! when there I pitch'd
Thoſe hurdled cotes, the night was calm and mild,
And all was peaceful, I remember well,
While there within that fold my flock I pent,
How blythe I heard my beauteous Delia ſing!
Her diſtant-echoing voice how ſweetly rung,
And all my raviſh'd ſenſes wrapt in bliſs!

COR. Haſt thou not ſeen the fatal plain of death
Where rag'd the conflict? there, they ſay, at eve
Grim ghoſts are ſeen of men that there were ſlain,
Pointing their wounds and ſhrieking to their mates,
Still doom'd to haunt the fields on which they fell.

CAL. CORIN, no more. This lamb demands my ſpeed.
See how the youngling hangs his ſickly head,
Tender, and fainting for his wonted food!
I haſte to place him in my ſhelt'ring cott,
Fed from my hand, and cheriſh'd by my care.—
And ſee, my friend, far off in darken'd weſt
A cloud comes on, and threatens ſudden rains.
CORIN, farewell, the ſtorm begins to low'r.

FINIS.